

116.30.11.62
AN
INCENTIVE

TO THE

Love of God,

FROM A VIEW OF

His Goodness in the CREATION,

AND

REDEMPTION OF MAN.

By STEPHEN PENNY. K

*A Verse may catch him who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice. HERBERT.*

B R I S T O L :

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INTRODUCTION.

COURTEOUS READER !

A Few Lines of this little Piece, made their first Appearance in Public, on a trivial Occasion soon after the Comet's first entering into our Hemisphere ; and nothing further was then intended. But the Author finding, in his Perambulations, the subject frequently recurring to his Thoughts, continually added something, till it arrived at its present Length ; when he thought proper to alter the Address to that expressed in the Title-Page,

He confesses his inability to reach the height of the exalted Dignity of a Subject so noble as Divine Love ; and is sensible, that many Attempts before him, have been executed, by real Geniusses, in an abundantly more copious and skilful Manner ; adorned with a
Profusion

Profusion of rhetorical Flowers and Figures, beyond the Stretch of ordinary Pens.

Not at all discouraged by the excellency of those Performances, and animated with some experience of the Power of the Subject, he found an Inclination to throw in his Mite, as a Debt of Gratitude to Him “*that giveth liberally and upbraideth not,*” and in Hopes of stirring up others to labour diligently after the Attainment of so inestimable a Treasure.

Tho’ he pretends to no natural Talent for Versification, and often found himself retarded by the Difficulty of clothing his Thoughts in that Dress, yet he was encouraged to persevere in the Attempt, from an Opinion that it might be thought less tedious, and easier remembered than Prose; and in that Sense, “*as Bread cast upon the Waters, found after many Days,*” and be of some Service, even to such as usually read with no other View, than merely to gratify Curiosity.

As he cannot but expect there will be some of too delicate a Taste not to be offended with the Meanness

of

of the Performance ; to such, he would beg Leave to recommend, (and he thinks they cannot better employ their Time and Talents, both to the Advantage of themselves and others, than) to mend his Faults with better Compositions of their own. He relies, however, upon the Favour of the more Candid ; and hopes they will allow what is, at least, well meant, to excuse the poorness of his Success, and accept the Kernel, tho' they throw away the Shell.

Should it be thought his Pen hath born rather a little too hard upon some of the enumerated Vices in the following Piece ; it ought to be remembered that the Mistakes made in this Life cannot be remedied in another ; and that therefore whatever has a Tendency to defeat our Hopes of a happy Futurity, cannot be represented in too shameful a Light. He is confident none will be offended but such as the Cap fits, and such must be sensible it is in their own Power to wear it but as little a while as they please.

But that none may think their Time spent in reading, altogether thrown away, he has, by Way of Appendix,

pendix, added some Thoughts upon the same amiable Subject of Divine Love, found amongst the Papers of one remarkable for his Learning, Humility and Piety ; and lately translated into those blissful Regions, where its sacred energy is felt in all its utmost Extent, without any Mixture of Alloy, or possibility of an End ! Where that we may all meet when the transitory Shadow of this Life is passed away, is the hearty Desire and fervent longing of thy constant Well-wisher and Friend.

LEGE ET FRUI.

BRISTOL, 1769.

AN

A. N.

INCENTIVE, &c.

YE anxious Searchers of the Midnight Sky,
In haste run forth the wond'rous Star to spy;
Prognostic Star, no doubt, of direful Things!
The Fate of Empires, or the Fall of Kings;
Of horrid Bloodshed in domestic War;
Or Heads, to Shame expos'd, on Temple-Bar;
Or still severer Strokes of Providence,
Of Earthquakes, Famine, or dread Pestilence;
Or, aught besides that Terror may devise,
As meant a sinful Nation to chastise.
Permit the Freedom of an humble Muse,
A nobler Theme, but rarely touch'd, to choose;
To point out how, whilst you explore the Star,
We may, to meet the worst Events, prepare.

Behold

Behold unnumber'd Worlds around it shine,
 With equal Wonder form'd, by skill divine ;
 That gayly sparkling round the glowing Pole,
 In boundless Space, without Confusion roll,
 As Lightening swift ; his Mandate to obey,
 Whose Finger first mark'd out their mazy Way.
 Let *These*, with *That*, your just Attention share,
 Nor think *they*, nightly seen, *less* wond'rous are.

With awful Thought, the *blazing Orb* survey ;
 As *all*, you see, like *that* shall melt away.
 Tremendous Hour ! when Nature's Judge supreme,
 Shall kind'ling Flames command---dissolve this Frame :
 For Time shall be no more !---the Trump prepare---
 Ye Dead attend your final Doom to hear !

Thus he ordains, who bid Earth, Sea and Skies
 (Stupendous Fabrick !) out of CHAOS rise !
 From whose prolific Breath, to live began,
 The noblest of his Works, his Creature Man !
 In his own Likeness made ; and amply blest
 With such Perfections as himself possess,

His

His Will left free ; his Powers unconfin'd ;
 Celestial Light through all his Being shin'd.
 Blest Eden's Spot, his destin'd dwelling Place ;
 All Nature's Lord ; and Source of human Race ;
 (Who like their Sire, exactly would have been,
 If not degraded by the Curse of Sin !)
 The fertile Soil, awaiting his Command,
 Its choicest Products yielded to his Hand ;
 Nor noxious Weed, nor Thorn as yet were known,
 But all the Earth with brilliant Lustre shone.

Thus, whilst in native Innocence he stood,
 His Meat the Fruits ; his Drink the chrystal Flood ;
 His Days serene ; his Nights soft Peace compos'd ;
 Each Morn' with Pray'r ; with Praise the Evening
 clos'd.

Thus blest he liv'd ! till nigh approach'd the foe,
 That, envious, sought, his Bliss to overthrow ;
 Had dar'd, before, Rebellion raise in Heav'n,
 And headlong thence, to endless Night was driv'n.
 In friendly guise, he thus address'd the Sire ;
 Fair Form ! wou'dst thou to Knowledge high aspire,

Put forth thy Hand to this fair-looking Tree ;
 Taste but its Fruit ; thou Wife, as Him, shalt be
 Who plac'd thee here ; and well the Secret knows
 I hither came, on Purpose to disclose.

The tempting Bait, soon caught the list'ning Sire,
 He paus'd a while ; then yielded to Desire ;
 Tho' warn'd had been, as soon as Life begun,
 On Pain of instant Death that Tree to shun.
 The deadly Poison shot through ev'ry Vein ;
 Conflicting Passions in his Bosom reign ;
 And all the noble IMAGE late he bore,
 Confus'd, disgrac'd, and broken, shin'd no more !
 His angry Maker, sharp the Deed reprov'd ;
 And him, so blest, from Paradise remov'd.
 The fading Splendor from the Earth withdrew,
 And left a Scene of universal Woe !
 No more its Soil spontaneous Fruits afford,
 But steril grown, laments its banish'd Lord.
 Now doom'd, in Toil, to weary out his Breath,
 A Captive bound, to Sickness, Pain, and Death !
 With deep Remorse, his heavy Loss bewail'd,
 And on his PROGENY, the CURSE entail'd.

The

The KING of Heav'n, from his exalted Throne,
 On SATAN'S Work with pitying Eye look'd down;
 Beheld a WORLD, he late so perfect made,
 And MAN his VICEROY, all in Ruin laid!
 His SPIRIT, griev'd; His LOVE no more cou'd bear,
 But o'er the Wreck of Nature dropt a Tear!
 Then Sentence pass'd upon his hateful Foe,
 That thus had ruin'd all his Works below.
 "Vile Reptile Thou! above all Creatures curst;
 Hence, on thy Belly crawl; thy Food be Dust;
 Confin'd to raging Flames, for ever dwell,
 Just Victim of eternal Wrath in Hell,

But thou, O MAN, by less Intent thine own,
 Than his infernal Hate to me, undone,
 My pard'ning Grace shall save; through him decreed
 (Son of my LOVE!) for thy Offence to bleed.
 HIM shall, in after Times, a VIRGIN bear
 The Prince of Peace, and of my Kingdom Heir.
 HIM, shall my Prophets, to the World proclaim;
 And at his Birth, his Mother, JESUS name
 He shall the LEADER of my People be,
 And from their Sins, the Penitent set free.

His

His Word, the Sick shall heal; the dead restore;
 The Blind shall see; the Lame shall halt no more;
 The Deaf, and Dumb, shall praising go their Way;
 And Winds, and Seas, obsequious Him obey.
 Adoring Nations, shall his Fame record;
 And dying Martyrs, own him for their Lord;
 Whilst REAS'NING INFIDELS, reject, with Scorn,
 A GOD, *so mean, as of a VIRGIN born.*
 Shall hate, abuse; shall sentence him to die,
 And with Transgressors, number'd, CRUCIFY!
 But from the Grave, he soon again shall rise,
 And full of Grace, victorious mount the Skies
 To me his FATHER; on my right Hand sit,
 To judge his Foes, subdu'd beneath his Feet.

Wait then, O MAN, submissive to my WILL,
 The Time decreed, my Purpose to fulfil;
 When, thou again, in PARADISE shalt live,
 In all the Happiness, thy GOD can give.
 Record, ye SERAPHS that attend my Throne,
 The purpos'd GRACE, this Day, to MAN made known.

Triumphant

Triumphant Shouts, the Courts of Heav'n fill,
 Be Peace on Earth; and towards Man Good-will;
 Eternal Praises, to our King be giv'n;
 The gracious Ruler, of the Hosts of Heaven;
 REDEEMING-LOVE, be henceforth all our Song;
 Amen, replies the whole ANGELIC Throng!

Awake, my Soul! obey the call of Love
 To join the Chorus of the Blest above.
 Engulph'd in Shame, in Misery and Sin,
 For ever lost, had thy Condition been,
 Had not thy God, a GOD ALL LOVE, decreed
 His only SON, to suffer in thy stead,
 The Pains thy due! and thee thereby restore,
 To pristine GLORY, that shall fade no more!
 O Depth of LOVE! unfathomably great,
 To save another's Life, one's own to hate!
 Most freely his, the dear REDEEMER gave,
 From DEATH ETERNAL, all Mankind to save;
 Nor more from us, exacteth in return,
 Than that our LOVE, like HIS, shou'd constant burn.

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The Force of LOVE, the sacred Records tell,
 In spite of Devils, breaks the Gates of Hell,
 That MAGDALEN, her Lord, had loved so,
 It seven Devils forc'd to let her go,
 And PAUL, great Pleader of his Master's Cause,
 Its Pow'r felt, and this Conclusion draws;
 All other Virtues, without LOVE but pass,
 As tink'ling Cymbals; or as founding Brass.
 And JOHN, in LOVE, superior to the rest,
 His LORD and MASTER, most of all, carress'd.

For Modes of Faith, let others warmly plead,
 And in their Numbers glory, Converts made.
 Remote, in Peace, from Strife of Parties free,
 To LOVE, like JOHN, my only SUIT shall be.

Ye CALLOUS HEARTS, that bear the Christian Name,
 And never yet have felt LOVE's hallow'd Flame,
 Consum'd with Cares to multiply your Store,
 The GOD you most unfeignedly adore!

Ye worse than callous Hearts, a SORDID TRIBE!
 That Heav'n itself could part with for a Bribe,

That

That brooding over useleſs Thouſands ſit,
 And plagu'd with Fears of Want ſcarce dare to eat ;
 Earn'd Wages pinch ; and unreliev'd the Poor,
 With furlly Looks, forbid to haunt your Door.

Ye RICH and GREAT, Time killing various Ways,
 In Racing, Gaming, Dancing, Routs, and Plays ;
 That neither live to GOD or MAMMON true,
 Yet Tradesfolks gripe, unfeeling as a Jew.

Ye PURSE-PROUD, that like Bladders fill'd with Air,
 Swell'd with Conceit of your own Worth appear ;
 That strut along with ſupercilious Mien,
 And think the VAINNESS of your Hearts unſeen.

Ye FESTIVE SONS, for whoſe luxurious Board,
 All Nature ranſack'd muſt ſupplies afford ;
 That only live a vitious Taſte to pleaſe,
 Till Health at laſt be murder'd with Diſeaſe.

Ye BUCKS, and BLOODS, that Terrors round you ſpread
 Along the Streets, when ſtagg'ring Home to Bed,

Sworn

Sworn Foes to Virtue ; to no Good inclin'd ;
The Jest, the Scorn, and Scandal of Mankind !

Ye BELLES and BEAUX, a splendid wanton Race !
That Nature's modest Works with Art disgrace ;
To shine in all the Vanity of Dress,
The Summit make of all your Happiness.

Ye learn'd EXPOUNDERS of the sacred TEXT,
Plain Meanings making, by your Art perplex ;
That shake your Heads, full of religious Pride,
At all the HOLY SPIRIT make their GUIDE.

Ye OUTSIDE CHRISTIANS, to Opinions glu'd,
That live disgrac'd, with Passions unsubdu'd ;
That think, secure, a Seat in Heav'n decreed,
For holding ORTHODOX, some fav'rite CREED.

Ye MEN OF PARTS, distinguish'd from the Crow'd,
Not more for Learning, than for being proud ;
That have in Argument, such magic Skill,
As Things to make appear, just as you will.

Ye

Ye MULTITUDE besides; a countless Number!
 That Thorns, and Briars like, the World incumber;
 So deeply plung'd o'er Head and Ears in Evil;
 And dead, to Fear of either God, or Devil.

O think, whilst Heav'n grants you yet a Day,
 How dear, YE ALL, must for your Folly pay;
 When HE, whose Mercies ye have dar'd to flight,
 Shall, arm'd with all the Terrors of his Might,
 In JUDGMENT sit; and Vengeance wreak on those,
 His dreadful Sentence shall pronounce his Foes!
 Repent, whilst open stands his Mercy-Gate;
 To Day repent; To-morrow, least too late;
 And learn to LOVE that God, that dy'd to prove,
 For all Mankind, the GREATNESS OF HIS LOVE!
 Yet none the Blessings of that Love can taste,
 That love not first the MASTER of the Feast.
 Discordant Natures never can combine;
 But Love, with Love, a UNION form DIVINE!
 A blest Repast, the GOOD with ANGELS share,
 Ev'n whilst they yet on Earth, sojourners are;

C

Transcending

Transcending far the paulty Joys of Sense,
 As Earth, exceeded by the vast Expanse!
 What GAIN, if all the Joys, Time can bestow,
 Shou'd end at last, in never-ending Woe?
 Can short-liv'd Pleasures, Compensation make,
 For endless Torments in a burning Lake?
 For ever banish'd the bright Realms of Light,
 The hopeless Prisoners of eternal Night!

What Loss, tho' Life shou'd nothing yield but Pain;
 If ended, we an endless Bliss obtain?

But such, the GOODNESS of our gracious LORD,
 Tho' Life shou'd nothing else but Pains afford;
 Those Pains, his LOVE, will into BLESSINGS turn,
 If but with FAITH, and RESIGNATION, borne.
 The bended Knee, his watchful Eye regards,
 And with sweet PEACE the Suppliant rewards.
 Ev'n tort'ring Flames, doom'd Victims shall defy!
 And by his GRACE upborn, triumphant die!
 Whilst HE, who lives absorb'd in sensual Joys,
 Alike his Peace, his Health, and Life destroys;

No Gleams of Hope, his dying Moments' cheer,
With GUILT o'erloaded, sinks into DESPAIR!

O fly to GRACE, ye WORLDLINGS, whilst you may;
Repentance leave not to a future Day.
Loud sounds the Voice of Man's Mortality,
Us daily warning to prepare to die.
No Tears the awful Herald's arm can stay,
He young, and old, relentless sweeps away.
Trust not the Grave; you'll find there no Device;
But as you fall, you must to JUDGMENT rise.

Haste then, to HIM, so infinitely Good!
Nor doubt his saving GRACE, 'tho long withstood;
Your crimson Sins, if you repenting go,
His cleansing BLOOD shall wash more white than Snow;
Your Rags strip off; in splendid Garments dress,
And like the PRODIGAL return'd, caress!

In Extacies of Bliss, ye then shall own,
A Peace so perfect, never to have known.

Replete

Replete with Love, your grateful Hearts shall sing,
 All Praise, and Glory, be to Sion's KING !
 By whom, in us, a MIRACLE is wrought,
 The DEAD in SIN, his LOVE to LIFE hath brought !
 A Life so pregnant with exalted Joys,
 All worldly Pleasures, sink to childish Toys ;
 No more their Blandishments shall us allure,
 But whilst on Earth, our Being shall endure,
 We'll join in Concert with the Blest above,
 To sing the Wonders of REDEEMING LOVE !
 A Depth ! not those, the LAMB ENTHRON'D, attend,
 Are able to explore, or comprehend !
 A GOD DESCENDING FROM HIS FATHER'S THRONE,
 INCARNATE DIES, FOR SINNERS TO ATONE !*

Come

* The Author means not by attoning, what is too generally understood, viz. the appeasing a supposed Wrath conceived in the Deity against the Transgressor Adam ; and which nothing less could do, but the Sufferings of an innocent, instead of the guilty Person ; a Disposition so unworthy of a God, as even to be abhorred in a fellow Creature. The Existence of the Deity is in perfect Unity with itself, incapable of Addition, Diminution or Change ; as the Purity of pure Gold, which hath nothing intrinsic that can alter its State of Existence. Wrath is, therefore, as impossible to have any Existence in the Deity, as Impurity to have any Existence in pure Gold arising from its own internal Nature. He therefore conceives, that, when the Redeemer

Come all ye Nations that to JESUS bow,
 SOME holding Doctrines, others disallow;
 That from the self-same Book, can make appear,
 Such jarring Doctrines stand recorded there.
 And each with Zeal maintaining that his SECT,
 Peculiar People are, of God's ELECT.
 From different TENETS, different TITLES take;
 As tho' a TITLE could a CHRISTIAN make.
 DISTINCTIONS that the CHRISTIAN CHURCH divide;
 The Shame of LEARNING, IGNORANCE, and PRIDE!

The

deemer is spoken of as being an Attonement for Sin; it ought to be understood, that such was the Nature of Adam's Transgression with Regard to his Soul; an immortal Principle within him derived from the inbreathed Spirit of his Maker, that there was no other possible Way to bring it back into its original State of Purity and Perfection, but by the divine Process in the Person of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and may in this Sense more worthily bear the Appellation of Attonement (or Reconciliation) than in the other so unaccountably adopted by the generality of Christians. And he thinks, that the admirable Oeconomy of the divine Providence, visible in every Part of the Creation, abundantly justifies this Sentiment and as much oppugns the other. Nor is it any where, that he knows of, contradicted, by any Expression, in holy Writ; confirmed, indeed, by many, particularly in John, chap. iii. verse 16. "*God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, &c.*"—Love, (not Wrath!) is here positively declared as being the moving Cause,

The Bane of Friendship ; Source of endless Strife ;
And sure Destruction of the Christian Life !

The CHURCH OF CHRIST, in UNITY consists,
Its BASIS LOVE, on which the whole subsists.
Remove that BASIS, and the whole must fall,
However glorious you your Church may call.

'Twas LOVE, Disciples, first to JESUS drew,
Who no Dissentions, from Opinions, knew ;
Its sacred Infl'ence, from his Presence felt,
And whilst UNLEARN'D, in blisful UNION dwelt.
Like CAUSES, like EFFECTS, will still produce,
And what was THEN the WAY, we STILL must use,

Trust not OPINION's lofty, flatt'ring sound ;
SALVATION's BUILDING needs a firmer Ground.
The various Passions that disease the Soul,
Submit not to Opinion's weak controul.
As soon might Fancy, stately Cities build,
As INBRED SIN to clearest Doctrines yield.

Superior

Superior FORCE must quite its Root destroy,
 E're we can FEEL the pardon'd Sinners Joy:
 That Force is LOVE (chief Attribute of GOD!)
 And Path, his brightest Saints, have ever trod.
 Source of TRUE FAITH; of ev'ry SOCIAL GOOD;
 By all applauded; but by few pursu'd!

COME all ye NATIONS that to JESUS bow,
 And long, thro' diff'rent Paths have stray'd, till now;
 Perhaps too, long, with little Fruit have strove;
 UNITE beneath the BANNER OF HIS LOVE.
 He calls not for wise HEADS, but simple HEARTS,
 To such alone, he most his LOVE imparts.
 Within the inmost of your Soul he dwells,
 By gentle IMPULSE there, his WILL reveals.
 His secret MOTIONS watchfully attend;
 And oft, in secret Sighs, to him ascend.
 The great omniscient HE residing there,
 Needs not the aid of Words to make him hear;
 One Sigh, the genuine Language of the Soul,
 Speaks more than Volumes of the learned School;
 Is Eloquence to him, that far exceeds
 The labour'd Pathos of the finest Heads.

Like

Like as the blushing Rose, towards the Sun,
 Lay open all your Soul before his Throne;
 To heal those mortal Wounds that Sin has made,
 Despairing of *your own*, implore *his aid*.
 He'll not delay the Succour of his Grace;
 And, as lost Sons restor'd, your Souls embrace!

You'll *feel* this simple *Way*, to profit more,
 Than all the *Rules* and *Forms*, observ'd before;
 Your *Hearts made clean*; and where so'er you go,
 The *Joys of Peace* and *Love* incessant flow.
 The whole Creation, will with Charms appear,
 And seem obsequious, ev'ry Sense to cheer;
 Whilst the full *Soul*, in Thought, still mounting higher,
Enflam'd with *Love*, seems ready to *expire*!

Come all ye *Nations*, that to *JESUS* bow,
 Accept the *Bliss* he's waiting to bestow.
 Away those *Husks*, that long have been your Food,
 And by Experience found, to do no Good.
 Take eat the *Bread of Life*, that never cloy,
 Exhaustless Fountain of substantial Joys!

To

To *All*, he offers ; Nor will *One* refuse,
 That with contrited Heart, for Pardon sues.
 "COME unto ME (*still* sounds the Voice divine !)
 Ye scatter'd Sheep, by Right of Purchase mine ;
 Let not that Blood, that unreluctant flow'd,
 By Disobedience be in vain bestow'd.
 I'll give you Life that never waxeth old,
 And for your Dross, the purest Ophir Gold ;
 To Pastures lead you ever fresh and fair,
 And guard your Safety with a Shepherd's Care."

Come then with *Hands and Hearts uniting all*,
 Before his sacred Throne, let's prostrate fall.
 With Tears of Joy, confess his *Mercies*, great,
 And *Bleeding-Dying-Love* commemorate.
 In heav'nly Strains, our Tongues, harmonious move,
 And *all* our *Strife* be, to *Adore*, and *Love* !
 Till summon'd hence, to Realms of endless Day,
 We join the *Blest*, in their seraphic Lay,
 (Our FAITH, and HOPE, in full *Fruition* lost ;)
 IN PRAISE TO FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST,
 ETERNAL THREE IN ONE ! Whom all adore,
 And for his *Mercies* blest for evermore !

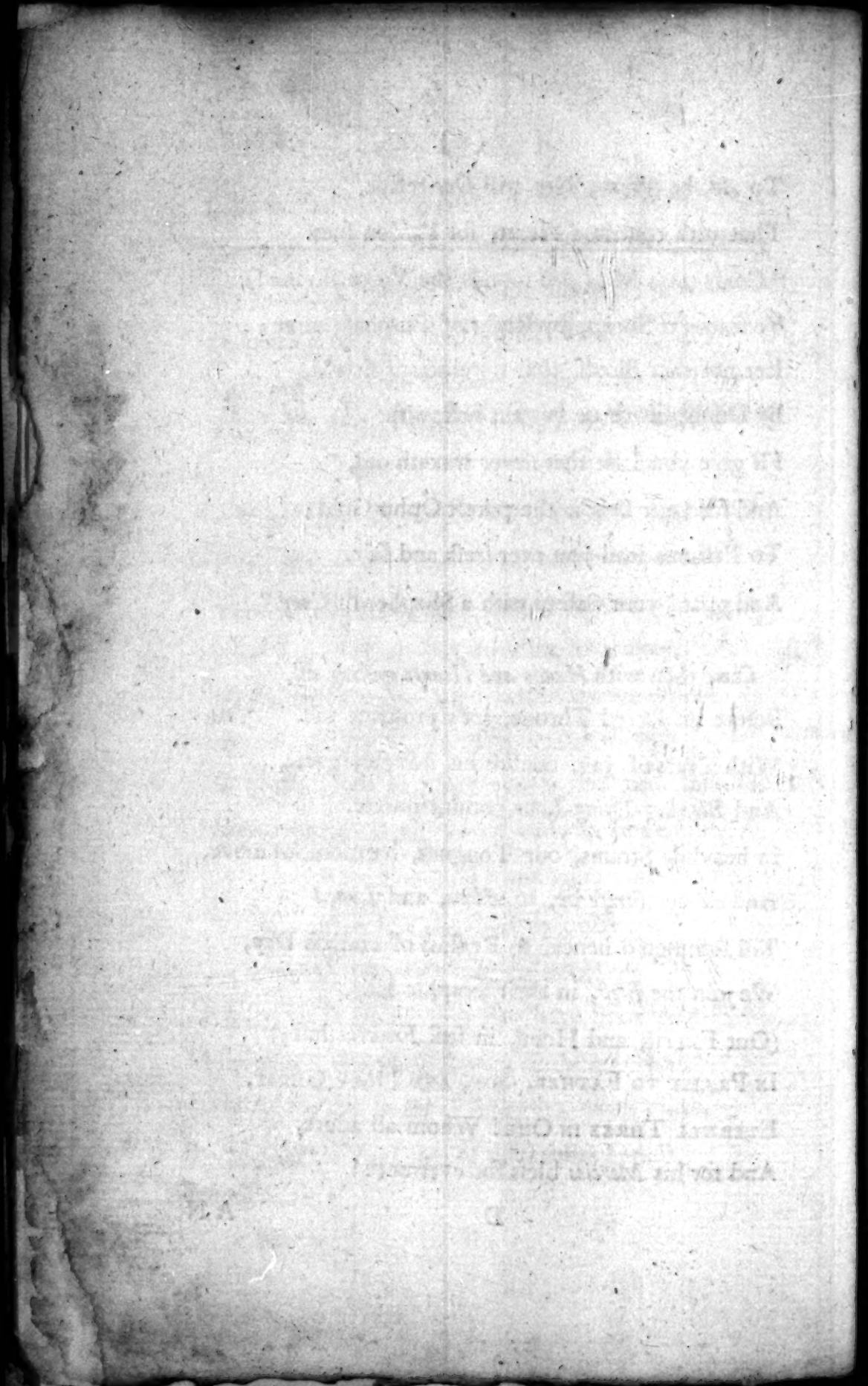
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 IN PRAISE TO FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST,
 ETERNAL THREE IN ONE ! Whom all adore,
 And for his *Mercies* bless for evermore !



ON THE
HAPPINESS OF LOVE.

THE great and eternal Author of all Good, it may well be supposed, when he created this general System of universal Nature, diffused all over it the Element of pure prevailing Love ; which by its sweet harmonious Efficacy, continually caused every Part of such a glorious Fabric to communicate and receive the very Spirit of that intrinsic Excellency, and thus to be incessantly promoting Attraction, Harmony and Happiness.

In this most desirable State, no Hardness, no Roughness, no Sharpness, could be discovered in Matter ; no Fierceness, no Savageness, no untamed Cruelty in Beasts ; no Anger, no Hatred, no Malice, no Envy in intellectual Beings ; but every Thing contributed

contributed and concurred to produce one common Concord and Union, in which to praise and celebrate that boundless Immensity of Divine Love which liveth and reigneth for ever and ever !

But this most happy and blessed State was disturbed by them whose highest interest it was to have preserved its Peace ; and this Disturbance spread itself over the whole Face of Things proportionably to that Degree of Power and Authority, which the munificent Hand of Love had given to each Being at his Creation ; and thus as far as the Apostacy prevailed, the whole Order of Things became inverted. The highest Order of Existence, which were graciously designed to connect a firmer Support, and to expand a larger Profusion of gentle Love through the whole System of Things, now equally, on the contrary Side, loosened and disjointed, as far as their Influence extended, every Part of Nature, and breathed forth the blackness of Hatred, in order to taint and contaminate the very Essence of Creation. The first Instance resembles the strongest and largest Pillars,

Pillars, which the more they strengthen and support the Building when standing, the more they weaken and totter it when broken. The second may agree with the soft, gentle, innocent Mercury turned into a corrosive Sublimate, by the Intermixture of strong Acids in a Chymical Process ; which becomes a strong Poison, and attacks the very Vitals of animate Nature wherever it comes.

Here then a dismal Departure from Good having happened, we stand on an Isthmus between these two Kingdoms of Good and Evil, with a contingently happy, but yet an alarming Power of choosing which shall be our Habitation ; and every internal Desire has its Effect to approach us towards the one or the other. Every the smallest Possession of Meekness and Humility. I mean not those of the artificial Nature, nor meerly the constitutional ones ; but the deep silent reverential Hunger after these Virtues, which considers and feels them as flowing from the adorable Sovereign of Heaven, and constantly and unceasingly communicating themselves,

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either virtually or sensibly to the desiring Heart, can never go empty away. Thus a Fountain is continually set open for Judah and Jerusalem, to wash and to bath in; and he that never said to the seeking Seed of Jacob, Seek ye my Face in Vain; never said to the humble meek Heart, Be thou overcome of Pride or Anger.

Tho' some who have not deeply enough considered the Subject, may think it too largely and strongly insisted on; yet if we consider the Nature and End thereof, it cannot well be too intimately engraven on the human Heart; for the Nature of the Subject is to shew the infinite Beauty of Love, and Deformity of Hatred; and End, to point the Means for arriving at the one, and totally quitting or forsaking the other; nor is it the Work of a Day, Month, or Year; for Habits seconding Nature form a powerful Strength; but yet let the inward Hunger be once turned, in a successive continual and uninterrupted Channel after these Virtues, and it must not only make its Way, and secure a certain
abiding

abiding Place, through all Opposition; but also so prepare the Ground of the Heart, as to enable at all Times and Seasons, under the Influence of the sovereign Good, to communicate of its Temper to the increase of the same Dispositions in others, and to which if duly and regularly attended to, must also in process of Time gain the same ascendant Victory in their Hearts.

F I N I S.

adding that, though all Opposition, still the
people the Ground of the House, as it were, of all
Times and Nations, under the Influence of the
everlasting God, to be a constant of his Temple to the
honour of the same Dispositions in others, and to
which it duly and regularly extended as much as the
proof of Time gain the same constant Virtue in
their hearts.

